

SAD PLIGHT

Of a Jessamine Girl Who Came to Harrodsburg.

DEAD BABY FOUND ON CHILDS ST.

The sad plight of an unfortunate girl came to light late yesterday afternoon when a colored woman told Officers Britton and Herroth that if they would investigate they could probably unravel a deep mystery at the home of Mary Dean on Chiles street, one block from Main. Being pressed by the officers for an explanation she said that last Sunday she heard the cries of an infant in Mary Dean's home. This so aroused her curiosity that she watched her, and on Wednesday afternoon when Mary left the house temporarily she slipped in, went up stairs, and discovered a dead baby in one of the rooms. The two officers immediately sought Judge Corn for advice and then all three went to the Dean home. After several vigorous knocks they were admitted and found a rather pretty woman, lying on a bed, and suffering much pain. Mary was asked if there was a baby in the house and she answered that there was a child up stairs. The three officials repaired to the upper floor and there a most horrifying spectacle met their gaze, for they found a dead baby boy of large size, lying on top of an old bureau, with a dirty rag spread over its face. The rag was removed, showing an ugly bruise on the head of the little one. Mary stated that the woman came to her home some weeks ago, and that the child was born dead last Sunday and had been placed on the bureau, where it had remained for the four days. The woman gave her name as Stella Royce; that she was nineteen years of age and an orphan, and that her home was in Jessamine county, and that a man named Ross was the father of her child. Coroner Gibbs was notified and turned the remains over to Undertaker Stagg. A jury will be impaneled to-day and the matter will be sifted to the bottom.—Harrodsburg Herald.

The Worship of Heroes.

Current magazines contain pictures of President Roosevelt standing beside certain reposeful men, uniformed in the habiliments of war. The explanatory underlines candidly declare, with every show of conviction, that the persons portrayed are heroes.

Reflecting upon the homage paid to the wearers of brass decorated apparel of war, and upon the swaggar demeanor contracted by them as a result of adulation, the mind is impelled to a course of thought touching upon the constituency of heroism. Is there no other form of courage or bravery than in the military? Is there no other type of hero than the soldier or sailor? Is every body who has participated in battle or skirmish or a march on alien soil a hero? Is every body who is disciplined to the tactics of war a hero?

Stress is put upon the glory of war through the prevalence of peace. Conflict is the rare exception, coming every second or third decade as a spice, to relieve the monotony of prolonged sameness. For a brief period it commands attention and enthusiasm, and then becomes itself a drag on the emotions.

This worship is of further benefit, however, in that, besides enlivening patriotism and stimulating individuality, it brings

into prominence those classes of heroism which are ignored because they are common. It reminds the public that there are heroes in every neighborhood of a city and on every rural roadside, heroes who are self sacrificing and courageous, who are moved only by deep regard for duty.

Heroism is manhood. The hero is a man. On the battlefield or in a sea fight daring is admired, because bravery is manly courage. The military uniform is the insignia of the national spirit, and for this reason draws respect toward the wearer. But the ordinary citizen who obeys his country's laws, lives according to his principles, fulfills the simplest duties, performs his civic obligations and acts out his convictions with courage is in many respects, the greatest hero. He usually receives no honor and usually looks for none. To the hero of peace let the same homage be paid as to the hero of war. He too is a patriot, a man.—St. Louis Republic.

Not Private Property.

Some of our rural readers will be surprised to learn a recent decision reached by the post office department in regard to the rural route mail boxes. It has been a custom for people living along the routes to leave notes, papers, communications, etc., from one another in the mail boxes, so that their neighbors can get them when they wish. An Indiana rural route carrier confiscated a few of these which he found in the boxes and sent them to Washington for advice from the government. The route patrons got together and hired an attorney to see what could be done about the matter. They contended that inasmuch as the farmers bought their boxes themselves, the boxes were their own private property and they might do as they chose about the matter. The government, however decided differently, and told them that all matter deposited in those boxes must bear regular postage rates and they were classed simply as boxes rented at a post office are classed. The action of the carrier in confiscating the matter found in the boxes was sustained.

How Islands Got Forests.

When traveling among the islands of the Pacific or Atlantic one often wonders how it is that lands so far away from great continents have become covered with great forests, but Darwin and other naturalists have solved the difficulty for us.

Thus we learn from Darwin that he took from the foot of a woodcock a cake of dry earth in which was a seed of the toad rush. He planted the seed and it germinated and flowered.

Prof. Newton sent him the leg of a partridge which had been wounded and unable to fly. Attached to it was a clod of earth weighing six and a half ounces. He broke up the clod and placed it under the bell-glass. No fewer than eighty-two plants sprang from it. It is the more interesting to know that the clod of earth containing this treasury was kept three years before planting.

Son Lost Mother.

"Consumption runs in our family, and through it I lost my Mother," writes E. B. Reid, of Harmony, Me. "For the past five years, however, on the slightest sign of a Cough or Cold, I have taken Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which has saved me from serious lung trouble." His mother's death was a sad loss for Mr. Reid, but he learned that lung trouble must not be neglected, and how to cure it. Quickest relief and cure for coughs and colds. Price 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed at T. E. Paull's drug store. Trial bottle free.

FORGOT FAMILY.

Sad Story of a Larue County Veteran of the Civil War.

A VERY INTERESTING STORY.

A case is being investigated from the office of the Special Pension Examiner in Louisville which is as peculiar in its settings as it was sad to those who have figured in the Kentucky end of it. It is thought one of the many cases that come under the eyes of the Special Pension Examiner day after day. The names in the present case are withheld from the fact that it is against the rules of the Government to divulge names pending the investigation of such cases. Nearly forty years ago a man probably 35 years of age, down in Larue county, Ky., bade his wife and five little children a long farewell to take up arms for his country. When his arms were stacked for the last time it seemed that he had forgotten his loved ones back in the old Kentucky home. He drifted to Nashville and there a year or two after the war had closed, he married another woman. The years rolled by and the wife and children in Kentucky heard no tidings of the father. Twenty years ago, thinking that her husband had been dead for years, she applied for a pension. As in all cases of the kind, when the application was made, the Government began an investigation to see if the man was really dead. The pension agent located him in Edgfield Junction near Nashville. A letter was sent back to the Kentucky woman stating that her husband was alive. Her children were then about grown. While the children were appraised of the fact that their father was living, the wife, broken-hearted in her grief, never asked the Government where her husband was. Had she made inquiry, she would have been made acquainted with his whereabouts. The children often longed to see the father, little dreaming that he was within a few hours' ride of them. Five years ago the broken hearted, but faithful, wife died. She had lived to see her children married, one daughter now residing in Louisville. A few months ago a woman living in Edgfield Junction, Tenn., applied for a pension as the widow of the same man whose Larue county wife had been refused a pension from the fact that he was still living. This put in execution another investigation. Only a day or two ago a Special Pension Examiner from Louisville went to Larue county and began hunting up the man's former Kentucky family. The eldest son was found. He told the Pension Examiner that he had longed to see his father, and wondered if the latter was still living. The Pension Examiner told him that his father died last October in Edgfield Junction. In the possession of the Larue county man was an old daguerreotype of his father taken shortly before he left for the war. It shows a man of strong physique, with a heavy black beard. This picture, which has been held by the family for nearly half a century, was given to the Pension Examiner, who will take it to Nashville to be used in the investigation. The question is whether the man obtained a divorce from the Kentucky wife before he married the Tennessee woman. If a divorce was obtained legally under the laws of Tennessee, the Tennessee widow is entitled to a pension. If it is

proved that no divorce was obtained then he was never legally married to the Tennessee woman and she is not entitled to a pension.

Stock Flies.

Every year we are besought to publish a receipt for keeping flies off stock. As this is the beginning of fly time, we publish the following, taking from the columns of a standard agricultural journal. In two quarts of boiling water dissolve one-quarter pound of common hard soap, add one pint of coal oil, churn till well mixed and then dilute with and one quart of fish oil. If a greater quantity is made, maintain these proportions. This emulsion applied every other day will keep the flies away.

Small Potatoes.

A few overzealous space rates newspaper correspondents, one or two Kentucky teachers, with a penchant for interviews and resolutions, and occasionally a Republican newspaper of the Commercial-Tribune stamp, are engaged in the earnest, though unsuccessful, endeavor to make a mountain out of a comparatively small mole hill.

Some days ago Mr. M. O. Winfrey, pres. of the Kentucky Educational Association, sent out postal cards bearing the pictures of Alton Brooks Parker, astride a rooster, and Mr. Roosevelt, on the back of a coon, on their way to Mammoth Cave. The pictures were supposed to represent the general character of the movement toward that point at the time of the association's annual convention, but it has pleased the class of critics referred to construe the card as an attack by Mr. Winfrey on Mr. Roosevelt and the negro. The position assumed has so poor a basis, either of good nature or sense, as to call for no comment, were it not for the fact that the influence of an association, which is of such practical benefit to the State, is in danger of injury. For that reason Mr. Winfrey has seen fit to give full and satisfactory explanation of his purpose, which had as his sole object, the advertisement of the convention and has stated that a copy of the card was mailed both to Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Parker.

It is not possible that Democrats will construe the pictorial representation of the Judge as meaning that he is riding down the Democratic party, and the explanation of Mr. Winfrey should not be needed to convince all fair minded Republicans that the coon on which Mr. Roosevelt is mounted does not represent a down-trodden race. It is in fact a new use of the old Whig campaign emblem, and so far as the question of courtesy goes, places Mr. Roosevelt and his steed on an equal footing with Parker and the rooster. Judging by the result of the race Mr. Roosevelt and the coon should have been well in the lead.—Louisville Times.

The Harrodsburg Democrat seems to think that it has an inside tip that Danville is not to get the electric railway which is to be built from Creelsboro to intersect the Q. and C. railroad. We do not know where the Democrat gets its information, but we do know that Mr. Azbill, the promoter of the new line, told the citizen's committee here that so far as the running of the line was concerned he was "heart whole and fancy free," and that it would be run to that point which offered the best inducements. At present nothing has been done that absolutely insures the building of the line, and as yet it is not certain whether it will be built at all or not. If it is built, there are a number of

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arguments in favor of its coming to Danville. The route is much shorter and the promoters will find they can more easily get into Danville from Perryville than into Harrodsburg or Burgin, and will doubtless find this to be a more feasible terminal and one that will offer larger future advantages than a town the size of Burgin.—Danville Advocate.

Get Back to the People.

Mr. Bryan says that "the aggressive element of the democratic party is getting together in active preliminary work for the great battle of 1908."

It is well if this is so. If the party is to accomplish anything "the aggressive element" must accomplish it.

We tried it last election with a ticket that stood for practically nothing that is democratic—cooked up especially for the republican east—and lost out hopelessly.

Mr. Bryan says, "the party does not need reorganization—it only needs to get back to the people, that there may be united, harmonious effort for the campaign of 1908."

"Get back to the people," that's the proper thing to do.

When the democratic party gets back to the people—stands for men in whom the people have confidence—and advocates the principles in which the people feel deep interest, then the people will stand by and support the party, but until then they will scatter, and at election time refuse to be counted.

It is better to stand for what we believe to be right and meet defeat honorably, than to pander to what we know to be wrong and be absolutely crushed, as we were in the last election.

Past experience should teach democratic leaders the folly of of trying any more "all things to all parties and nothing to nobody or anything" experiments during a presidential campaign. There's nothing to it, and the policy adopted in the last national campaign by the eastern leaders should be tabooed in democratic councils in future. Democracy may not win by taking an open, honest, aggressive course, but when the contest is over those who advocate its policies and vote the ticket will at least be conscious of their own self-respect.—Nevada (Mo.) Mail.

"I Thank The Lord!"

cried Hannah Plant, of Little Rock, Ark., "for the relief I got from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured my fearful running sores, which nothing else would heal, and from which I had suffered for 5 years." It is a marvelous healer for cuts, burns and wounds. Guaranteed at T. E. Paull's drug store; 25c.

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